Dear Paul, 7/9/75

Please excuse it if my wife does not have time to correct my errors in this. I won't. It may be an exercise in futility to send it to you.

I feel the urgent need not to get farthur behind in the day-to-day work so I can get Post Mortem ready. This means that I'm working late each night and getting up at 5 a.m.

Yesterday I had a dental appointment in Washington. With about 45 minutes free before I had to leave I tackled the stack of accumulated filing. I have been reducing it gradually. The enclosed was in it. I laid it aside for this letter.

I think that what it represents would make a good novel and perhaps a movie. Here is the story behind it.

Prior to the first primaries in the last Presidential election this (if it is complete) was mailed to a man named Rothstein, who lived or lives on Dead Run Drive, with the fictitious return address of I.F.Stone, 1915 Luke Street. Rockville, Md. Rothstein is or was the legislative or administrative assistant to Senator Mike Gravel. He gave the original to the Secret Service immediately. The Secret Service dismissed it as nut stuff without phoning me. As you will see, it is exceptional in opening with the challenge,"Can Mr. Weisberg translate?"

Rothstein sent me a xerox as soon as the Secret Service returned it. First the office made a to me mysterious call making no reference to this and asking only if I were the man who wrote the books about the JFK assassination.

The threats are apparent on a single reading. The question, of course, was of seriousness. Whether the police mind conceived of archaic meanings or considered even consulting an unabridged dictionary I don't know. I was immediately satisfied that the opening ellipsis is a reference to Ted Kennedy. So can the parenthetical crack be. That was all I needed.

As I thought of what to do and puzzled over it I decided I needed help.

Of all kinds.

So, I immediately made copies and sent them to a wide variety of friends, ranging from poets to reporters and including people in advertising, others who had studied the JFK assassination and kings (I mean serious people, not the nuts). One was then an undergraduate in a major university where the library facilities were excellent. Another was the friend at Bantam to whom I referred. He is multi-lingual and an authentic scholar with a fine European education. Between them they were able to add to the meaning I extracted.

As I received clues and opinions I spread them around. While I had to suspend before making complete sense out of all of it, there was not much that remained without an explanation. It is not just gibberish. In the end I was satisfied that this is the work of two people and that I knew one. He is fluent in seven languages, was leaving the Washington area permanently, had emotional problems, and chickened out when it came to visiting me, which was arranged. He had been in intelligence and spilled his guts to me over the phone. One of his jobs had been to translate the early electronic intercepts prior even to the U-2s.

There is no Luke Street in Rockville (it also had a Rockville cancellation). But read the Book of Luke, 19:15. Note also the repetition of stone more ways than is immediately apparent. I.F.Stone, Rockville, Rothstein, Gravel, etc.

The enclosed is not the original or a copy. It is a version a friend made for purposes of rapid communication.

The Bantam friend saw the literary potential I did. I am not a novelist and I want to do what I am doing. He had another friend of his in mind to do a novel on this but nothing came of that and I have no novelists among my friends. That friend

does too well boiling the pots that boil easily.

Now that there is higher interest in assassinations, especially with spook involvement, with a little license I believe this again has possibilities if people with imagination think of it.

I have an extensive file on this. I'm not going to take the time now. But we decided that Ockie could be a reference to Occam (as in Occam's Razor). Lilac is the State flower of New Hampshire. McGovern and New Hampshire's first primary? Duncan is ambiguous, as I recall, with a number of possible meanings.

I presume you remember that the night before JFK was offed Lee Oswald was in an Irving, Texas, bedroom.

It could make a fascinating mystery story in which the good guys wear scholars' hats not sidearms. Happy ending or not.

The one thing I did with this was to write a short piece on what could happen if a really sophisticated psychotic took it into his mind to play cat-and-mouse games with the types of minds that provide physical protection. I did nothing with that piece.

Then the Washington Post had another in the endless series of psychiatrists' nuttineses on lone alleged assassins they never knew. I regard those kinds of pieces as solicitation of the sick. So I sent the message and the article to Ben Bradlee on the Post. He forwarded it to their Sunday magazine, Potomac, the managing editor of which, instead of considering the piece, wondered about the challenge and got interested in me. He interviewed me at some length, checked thoroughly into my past and wrote a 23-page article that was ultimately killed. The Post is not about to print anything good about me.

In the past I have referred to the enormous store of literary properties I have collected during my experiences. Their potential, of course, is like beauty is to the eye: in the mind of another. This may not be the best example, but I think it is one.

Some of these things are quite popular, unsophisticated.

While I believe several can make movies, I do not suggest all that can make good books will. I don't really know what is of movie or TV interest today.

Even the story of the McDonald book could make quite a novel. (I don't know what decision the publisher I served made. If I ever get out there, as I hope someday I will, you'll be interested in some aspects. As of today his project is indistinguishable from a black book.)

Later this morning the representative of a printer with a more economical new press is to be here to give me estimates on Post Mortem and what will soon be necessary, the reprinting of two of the first books.

In the usual haste,